

SWUS divests

by Mary O'Neill

Another volley has been fired at the South African apartheid system.

This Monday, McGill's Social Work Undergraduate Society kicked off their first meeting of the year by passing a motion calling for the divestment of their funds from the Bank of Nova Scotia — another Bank which deals with the South African regime.

Although the sum involved was only approximately \$500, the Undergraduate Society feels this was a significant gesture. Said Mary-Lu McGrath who is both Vice-President of the SWUS, and Social Work rep to council:

"We were really pleased and happy. One more faculty divesting is basically another voice for the Board of Governors to hear."

The motion to divest was passed after the SWUS was addressed by Robert Sullivan, research coordinator of the South Africa Committee. According to Sullivan, the Bank of Nova Scotia has in the past pursued a secretive policy regarding its transactions with South Africa.

"They have a policy of refusing to divulge any loans to South Africa. They don't deny that such loans take place but in the past have refused to give information."

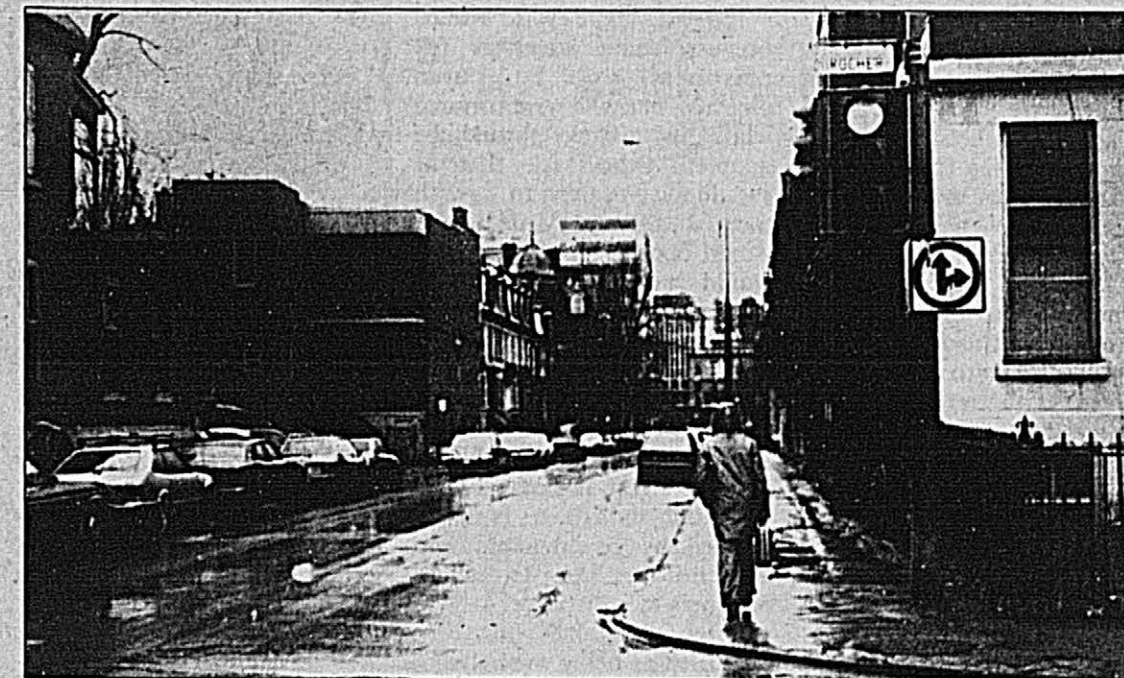
McGrath said the motion was passed with no opposition and only two abstentions. "The 'ayes' had it," she said.

Election up-date

by Adam Kravitz

As the October 26th deadline for nominating candidates in the municipal elections approaches, Montréal's three major parties are making a last minute scramble to sign up candidates. Any party that hopes to win a majority on November 14th must nominate candidates in all of the city's 57 electoral districts.

So far, only Jean Drapeau's all-powerful Civic Party has officially announced that it will be running a full slate of 57 candidates. The Civic Party naturally expects to win a vast majority of seats and has had



Recent harassment and attacks on McGill women increase fears of walking alone at night.

McGill woman trailed

by Molra Ambrose

Recently in Take Back the Night demonstrations, over a thousand women in Québec and Ontario protested their inability to walk alone safely after dark.

But regardless of the demonstration's impressive turn-out, little has changed. Women living both East and West of campus have reported incidents of being followed and accosted.

A woman was followed and harassed Tuesday night as she walked home through the ghetto. The fearful implication in this particular incident is that other women in the ghetto have apparently been bothered by the same person. According to the woman who was harassed most recently, he obviously has practice in following and molesting women.

The woman, who wishes to remain anonymous, was followed at 10:15 that evening by a man she described as "black, fully-built with matted hair wearing a jean-jacket and high hiking boots with no laces." She said he walked with a shuffling gait which originally led her to believe he was drunk.

The woman left campus by the Milton Street gates and walked up University on the East side of the sidewalk.

"I thought I heard someone following me so I slowed to let him pass, but he did not pass. I got nervous and stopped in an apartment building where I have a friend. I buzzed the door to get my friend to let me in and he followed me into the building," she said.

She said that he, too, went into the building and walked with her up several sets of stairs. However, he turned to walk up a different flight so she thought he really did have a friend to visit in the building.

"I doubled back and went back out to University Street. Apparently he did, too, because when I was walking down Prince Arthur, near Lorne, I heard someone behind me. I told myself it couldn't be him, but it was," she said.

"I guess making eye contact wasn't very smart, but then he came up to me and started talking. He said, 'Hi there, can I talk to you? I know you're afraid because you're on the street and I'm a stranger.' I said no and he mumbled something. I gave him directions to a nearby dépanneur so he could get

help or directions if he needed," she said.

The woman said she got so nervous she asked two men walking down the street to walk her home. One of the men said his girlfriend had been accosted recently and the description suggested his girlfriend had been a victim of the same man.

The woman described the person following her as "cool." This led her to believe he often harasses women.

Another woman was attacked by someone fitting a similar description while walking from a university residence.

However, the ghetto is not alone in being unsafe. West of campus, near St. Mathieu, two weeks ago Friday, at 8:30 p.m. a McGill student was attacked and slashed with a razor blade while taking out her trash. This man did not fit the description of the person who was responsible for the incidents in the ghetto.

Sargent Sauvé of MUC police District 25 said his officers had noticed no increase in crime against women in the area.

"If women are being followed, I suggest they report it to us and give a description," he said.

He said that if women are followed or harassed in a certain area, extra patrol cars will be assigned to those streets.

If women are accosted, they should feel free to go to the McGill Womens' Union for help in room 423 of the University Centre. The Womens' Union also has cards available that explain steps a woman should take in case of rape.

Soviet speak

by Leonard Goldberg

Soviet Vice Consul Vladimir Rechetilov spoke to a full house Political Science Student's Association meeting yesterday, fielding questions on disarmament, the Middle East and the handling of Soviet dissidents.

Rechetilov stressed the Soviet Union's desire to avoid an arms race leading to nuclear confrontation. He said, "we have to protect our national interests by keeping up with the American arms buildup."

"But nobody in the Soviet Union profits from the arms race", he said. "We have a law against a propaganda war in the Soviet Union. Russians are strictly against war, that's why a propaganda war is a crime that should be punished criminally".

Rechetilov said "the Soviet people have historically had to struggle for their existence. In all major conflicts the Soviet Union was not the aggressor".

The Vice Consul was then asked about the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Rechetilov said that national interests were at stake in Afghanistan.

"If there weren't Soviet troops, there would be one more U.S. base on the border of the Soviet Union", he said. "We have no bases near the U.S."

Rechetilov had some strong criticism for the United States about détente, especially U.S. President Ronald Reagan.

He said "Reagan has praised himself that he has put the Americans on the 'course' (referring to nuclear buildup), but this course is a danger for all the world. If there is realization of these problems there is hope, but if present trends continue, there can only be an escalation of the arms race".

When asked about Soviet relations with Israel, which were terminated after the 1967 war, he said Israel would have to follow all UN resolutions, including support for the idea of a Palestinian state, before the Soviet Union would re-establish diplomatic ties with Israel.

Several students questioned Rechetilov about dissidents. "Dissidents have social-emotional problems or are lazy bums", he replied.

"As to Jewish dissidents,

please turn to page 2

Coming up: AI week, all week long

by Peter Morgan

Amnesty International (AI), the worldwide human rights organization, is holding its annual prisoner of conscience week, October 11-18. The theme for the week is Rural Prisoners.

Around Montréal, various activities are planned to highlight the plight of rural prisoners, to draw attention to human rights violations, and to increase awareness of Amnesty International's work.

For instance, Group 16 in Montréal is having an information table at Concordia, and McGill AI, Group 104, will have a table in the Union Building. As well, the film

'Prisoners of Conscience' will be shown at Concordia on Wednesday.

Rural prisoners are highlighted because they are often forgotten prisoners.

Their problem is particularly acute in areas where rural prisoners are caught between the armed conflicts of government and guerilla forces.

AI will focus on four rural prisoners: one each in South Korea, Mexico, Yugoslavia, and Peru.

The Peruvian rural prisoner is Pastor Anaya Cuadros.

Although Cuadros has been charged with terrorism, AI believes he was imprisoned because of his activities as a

community leader.

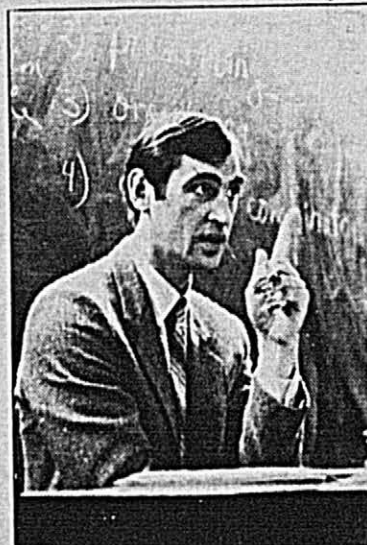
Cuadros is but one example of the thousands of prisoners who have been "adopted" by AI since it was founded.

Internal strife was created because some members felt prisoners who had used violence, but who were tortured while in prison, should be adopted. Others felt that AI should have nothing to do with them. In the end AI decided it would oppose their torture but would not adopt them as prisoners of conscience.

As well, the organization has come under fire from the governments it criticizes. For instance, the Soviet Union accuses AI of being "maintained by imperialist secret services." More commonly though, AI is simply ignored by governments who are holding or torturing prisoners of conscience.

After a prisoner has been identified as being wrongly imprisoned or tortured, an AI group adopts him or her. It can be months or even years before a prisoner is freed.

One proof of AI's success is that over half of the adopted prisoners have been released.



USSR Vice Consul Vladimir Rechitilov speaks to boisterous bunch of students.

USSR...

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there is a big problem", he said. "According to statistics, Jews occupy the best positions in the Soviet Union. If such prominent people want to betray us after leaving the Soviet Union by making a big fuss and spreading propaganda, naturally other nationalities will be aroused".

Rechitilov was also asked why Canadian Jewish Congress President Irwin Cotler, a

McGill professor, was denied entry into the Soviet Union to act as lawyer to Soviet Jew dissident Anatoly Scharansky.

The Vice Consul responded that Cotler was asked to leave the country because "He made many contacts and according to our laws, he was maintaining activity which is against our laws".

Throughout the meeting the crowd was particularly noisy: accusing Rechitilov of Soviet repression and military actions. At one point the audience even applauded the Vice Consul when he declared that he resented any such accusations.

Rechitilov was later asked by Hillel staff member Steve Singerman, "Why are Jewish dissidents in the Soviet Union guarded by former Nazis", referring specifically to Ida Nudel, formerly imprisoned in Siberia.

Rechitilov became flustered, stated he had no answer and walked out of the room.

City...

continued from page 1
who are qualified for the job, as well as an integral part of the district that they will be representing. They also claim that they have not had any trouble in recruiting candidates to represent them.

Even further behind in the official count is the Municipal Action Group (MAG), which has chosen Henri-Paul Vignola as its mayoralty candidate. They presented 21 candidates at a press conference this past Saturday, although they now claim to have recruited another 15 possible candidates.

MAG President Gaspard Fauteux says that he has had little trouble finding candidates to carry the MAG banner and he also expects to have a full 57 by the time October 26 rolls around.

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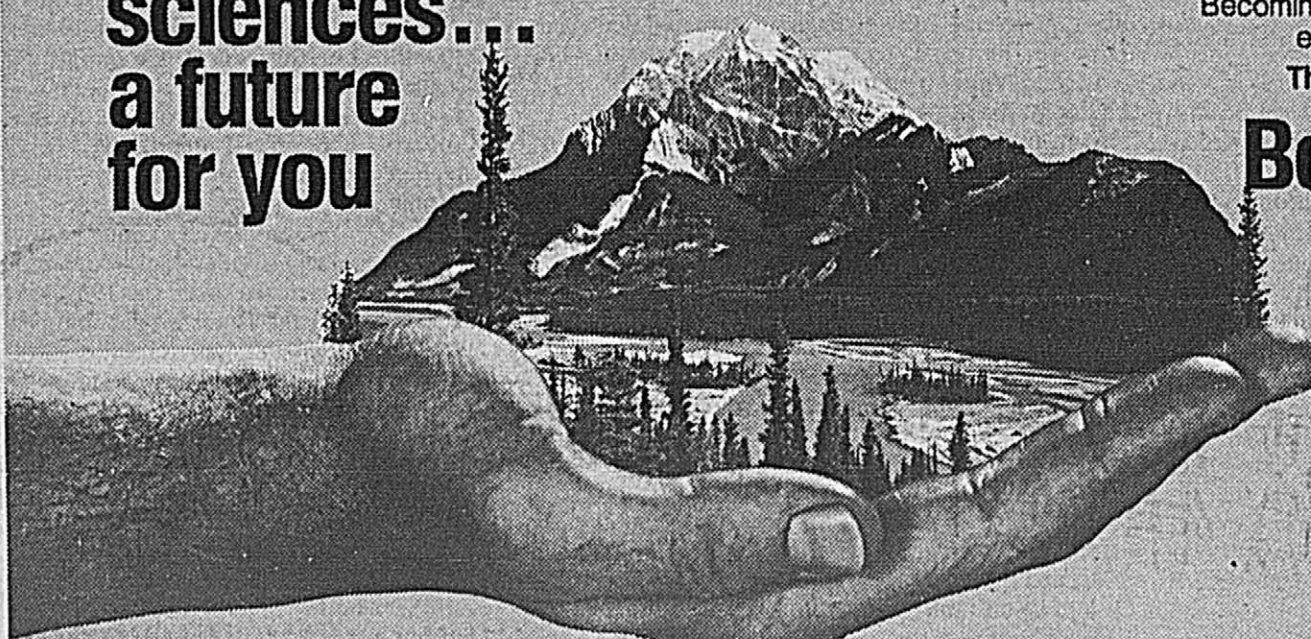
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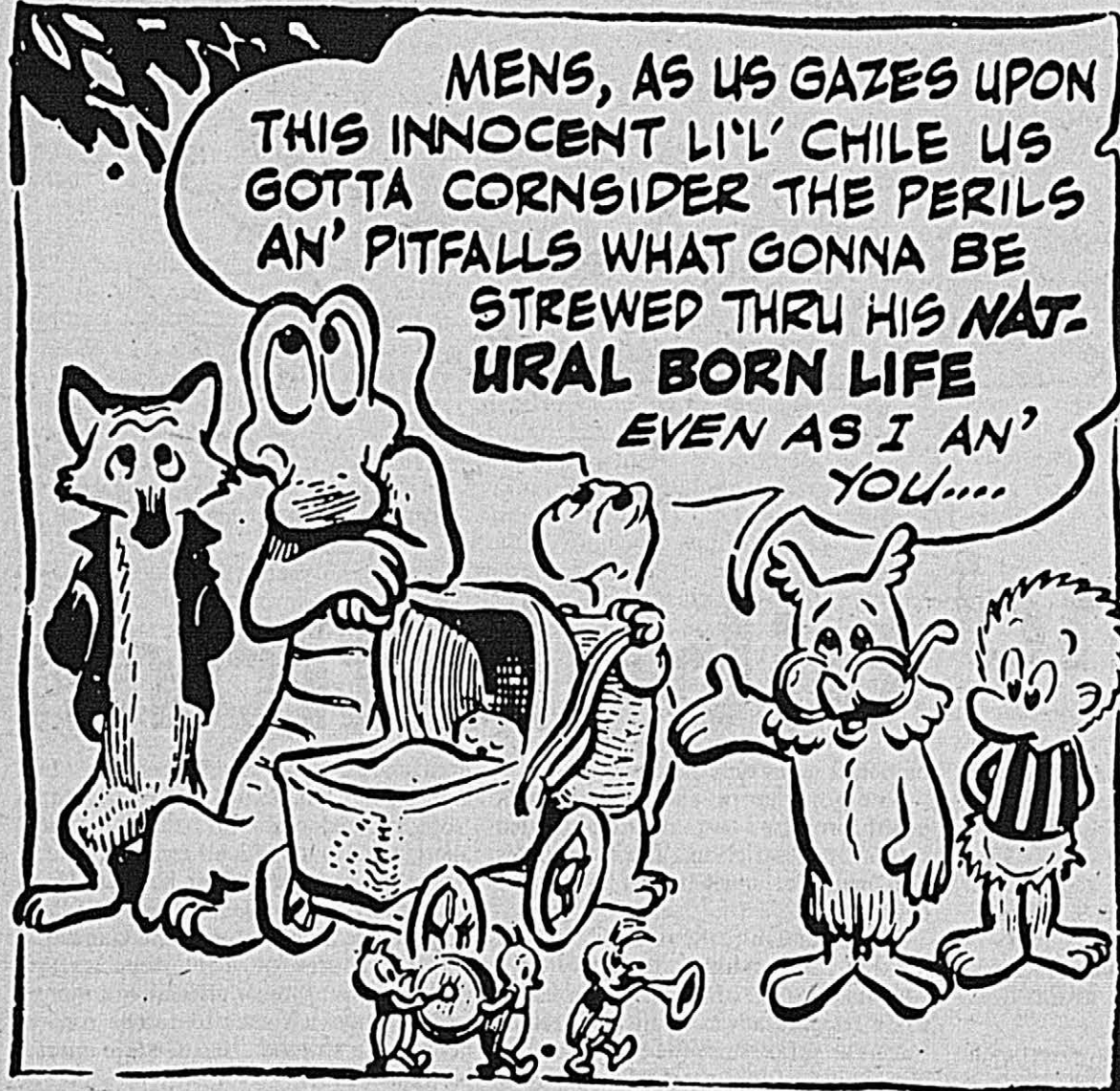
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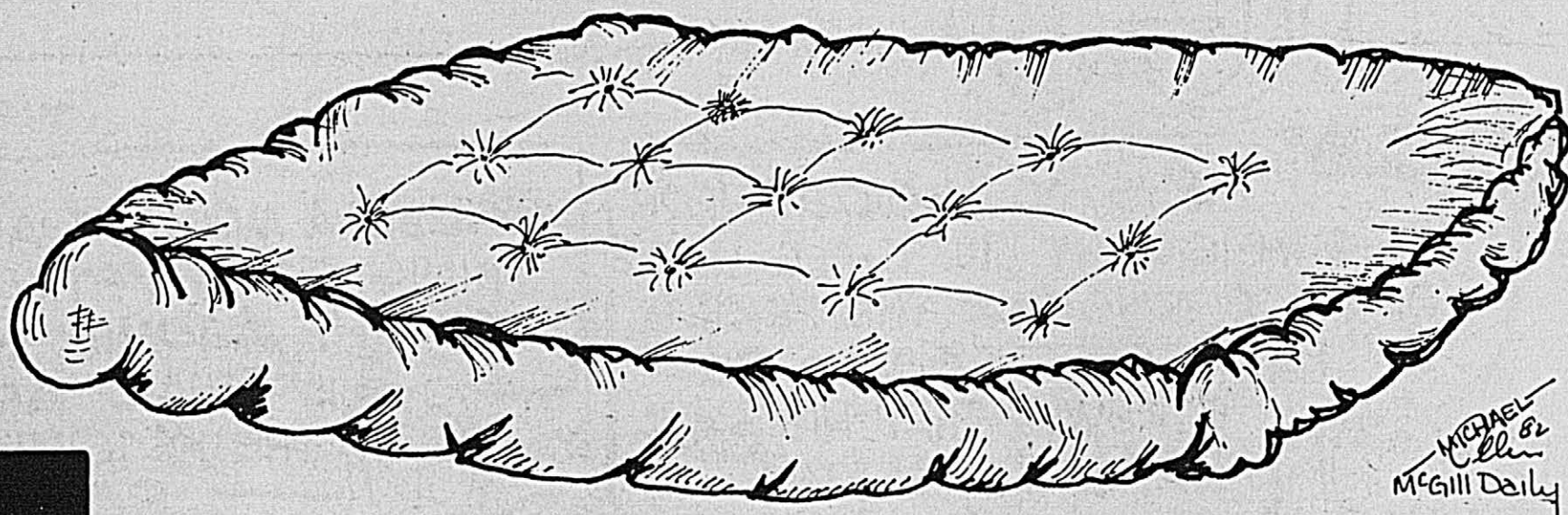
Canada

POGO

Walt Kelly (1954)



the SUPPLEMENT



Futons and tribulations

by Diane M. Bousquet

In a world where everything causes cancer or instant death, one would hardly suspect a mattress as the next culprit. But Japanese futons, the 100 per cent cotton mattresses becoming popular in the Western world, are causing health problems among their users.

A futon is made of 100 per cent cotton quilting stacked and sealed in a cotton sheath. Aside from the comfort such a mattress affords, a futon can be conveniently folded and used as a couch.

The fault lies not in the beds themselves but with a boric acid compound that often, by government requirement, is added to the cotton to reduce flammability.

When the quilting is manufactured a starch, called sizing in the industry, is used to harden the cotton. Unfortunately, sizing is highly flammable. Since roughly 150 fire deaths per year in Canada are attributed to 100 per cent cotton mattresses, the department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs took action to prevent future tragedies. On January 1, 1982, a regulation under the Hazardous Products Act took effect requiring this type of bedding to contain some sort of flame retardant. In addition, the starch had to be washed out of the cotton to aid inflammability.

However, a problem arose in finding a suitable additive. A retardant had to be chosen quickly as the demand for futons

is ever on the rise. Officials finally accepted a powdered compound consisting of roughly 85 per cent boric acid, 6-7 per cent hydrate alumina, and 8-9 per cent talcum powder to be added to the cotton during manufacture. Slight variations on the compound could be developed by individual manufacturers and submitted for testing, as was often done.

To test compounds, the government considers the fact that most mattress fires are caused by low-heat sources such as fallen desk lamps and neglected cigarette butts. This mixture survived the testing procedure in which a lit cigarette was dropped on a treated mattress. The futon didn't burst into flames after ten minutes, so the compound is considered a flame retardant.

A weak solution of boric acid is commonly used as a rinse for eye infections, but stronger concentrations can be lethal to the user. Although the acid is particularly dangerous when ingested, merely inhaling the stuff causes a reaction in many, especially small children. Not only can it penetrate intact skin, but boric acid is even more readily absorbed by damaged skin as well as mucous membranes (like the inside of your nose). Between one and two kilograms of boric acid is added to each futon, 20 per cent of which will escape the futon along with the cotton dust. The lethal dose for adults is 15-20 grams; for

babies, it takes only 3 grams.

The government allows those with health problems to purchase untreated futons by prescription. The exception is also made for small futons bought for children.

Understandably, the futon business is looking for a solution to satisfy both consumers and officials. At present, some retailers advertise their untreated futons as sofas, since the regulation applies only to furniture used regularly as beds.

Individual companies are also seeking a safer additive, particularly since the questions surrounding boric acid bring to mind the scare caused a few years ago by *Tris*, a flame retardant formerly used in children's sleepwear and later banned for dangerous qualities after countless wearers had been exposed.

Some manufacturers are now adding 40-60 per cent polyester to the cotton stuffing and ticking to meet requirements. The result has not been very popular as many people are allergic to polyester, on top of the fact that it is known to give off toxic fumes when burned. A user may not burn to death in a fire, but, more likely, might suffocate in such an incident.

As news of the comfort and convenience of futons spreads, more and more Montrealers, from executives to students, are choosing the inexpensive

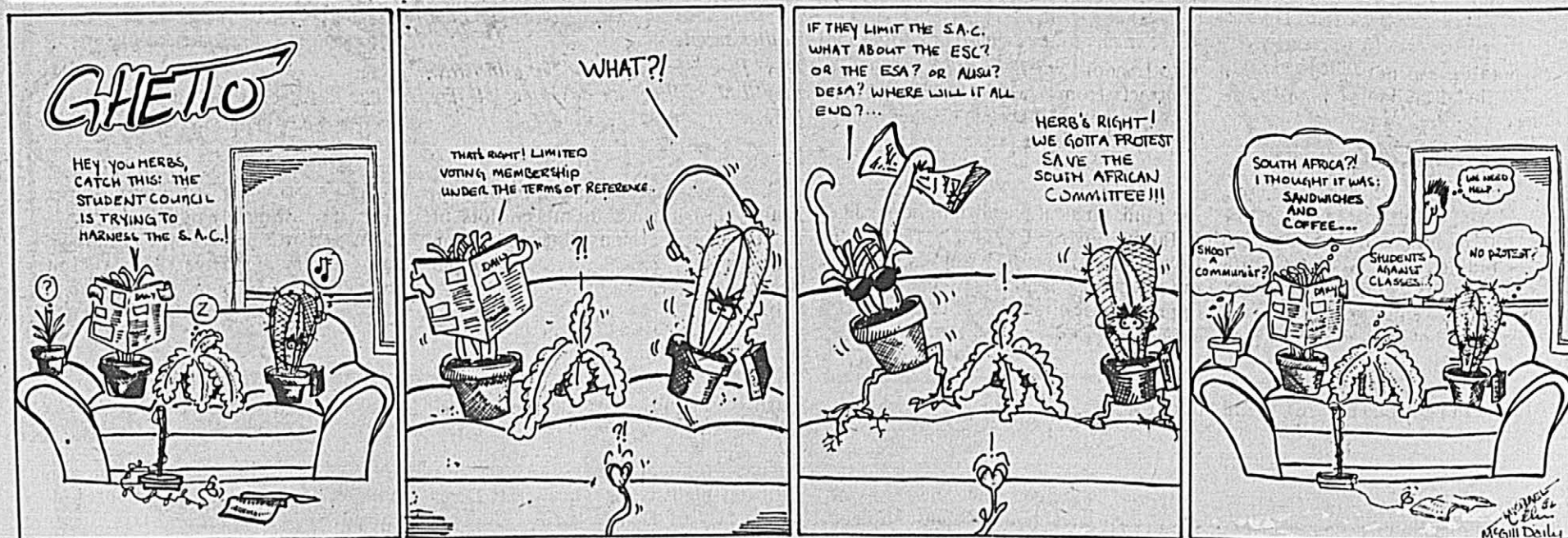
mattresses over traditional bedding. In and around Montreal, finding a futon 'sofa,' or a doctor who believes you're allergic, is not as difficult as in Toronto, where the government hit hardest. Unfortunately, Toronto is the home of the first futon manufacturers in Canada, and the source of many retailers in Québec. Even though officials are more lenient when it comes to futons made here, those shipped from Ontario must be treated first.

Fighting valiantly for a change in the ruling are retailers in Vancouver, who claim freedom of choice is the issue at hand and refuse to change their 100 per cent cotton futons one iota. A prescription is required to buy a futon there.

Naturally, the issue of boric acid adds even more competitive tension to the already cutthroat futon business. The mattresses are available in thicknesses from 6 to 8 inches, and dealers boast the merits of the particular size they sell. Futons in Japan are only about 3 inches thick and compress even more after repeated use forces the air out of the cotton, as do their Western counterparts.

Right-to-your-door delivery is also offered at some places, along with covers and wooden frames for daytime futon couches.

A variety of sizes are available from crib to king. They are an ideal choice for small apartments as they are easy to move and store. Just don't sniff them.



PiL: hard to swallow

by Brendan Kelly

"We're not looking for slavish idolization."

So says arch iconoclast John Lydon and on the surface, it seems Public Image Ltd. (PiL) would be the least likely victims of mass idolatry. Drooling adoration is an integral part of most major rock acts but PiL were formed as a specifically anti-rock group. Their 'concert' in Montréal next week is almost sold-out (at about \$14 a shot) in spite of their bad reputation as live musicians and the glaring fact that they have only one practicing musician left in the group. Basically everyone wants to go take a look at Johnny. Even better, maybe get insulted by him. Perhaps a little history can illuminate this strange state of affairs.

It all started with the sordid death of the English punk group the *Sex Pistols* on the shores of the United States in early 1978.

Singer Johnny Rotten publicly rejected the musical traditionalism of the *Sex Pistols* and claimed he was more interested in non-melodic, non-rock forms of sound (the word 'music' was carefully avoided). No longer Johnny Rotten, he now preferred to be called by his original Irish-Catholic family name: Lydon. He contemplated moving to Jamaica since he felt closer to reggae than any other form of music.

At this point Keith Levene entered the picture. A notorious junkie (he was thrown out of an early form of the Clash due to his heroin problems) and an old friend of Lydon's, he is also an impressive avant-garde guitarist. They recruited Jah Wobble, who favors a strongly Jamaican style of bass playing, and formed PiL. Drummers would come and go; none becoming permanent members of the corporation called PiL.

Yes, corporation. PiL, from the beginning, stressed that they are not a rock group; they washed their hands of all rock cultures including the underground. A multi-media company working on films, videos, and music was

a frequent self-description.

"We see ourselves as a company. Music is only one of the things we have in mind." Traditional concert tours were seen as an archaic means of presenting music.

Along with the anti-music ideology came a philosophy of democratic pop culture. There should be no celebrities because anyone could make pop music: the perfect example being themselves. John Lydon admitted he couldn't sing and as for being a literate lyric writer, he claimed he'd read two books in his entire life. He wrote songs about the people around him and believed it was the easiest thing in the world to do.

This do-it-yourself outlook, as Simon Frith has pointed out, is an essentially petite bourgeoisie philosophy — if you want to make it in the world, just get out there and do it. It was a re-affirmation of the traditional rock musician's perspective. John Lydon further reinforces these thoughts when he talks about how he wouldn't mind making lots of money out of this business.

But this attitude did breed a healthy disdain for star worship. John Lydon's main criticism of the *Sex Pistols* was that they had become just another celebrity act.

"As soon as they'd see anything with the name *Sex Pistols* on it, they would buy it. Now that's strange, that's fucking stupidity. It could be anyone. Just put the name on it and they'll buy it."

Throughout all this chatter there were of course records; no films, just pieces of plastic that often looked suspiciously like most other rock records. In 1978, there was the *First Issue* which was a confused, uneven attempt at breaking away from the punk format. The single *Public Image* was a brilliant, fast blast of post-punk fury ("You never listened to a word I said/ You only judged me by the clothes I wore") but the rest of the album lacked the single's intensity. The overall sound was impressive — a brick wall of clanging guitar and slippery bass punctuated by thunderclap drumbeats



— but the songs were less impressive and Lydon's voice sounded strained at points.

Next came *Second Edition* and it still remains the sole reason for taking PiL seriously. Unlike their first attempt, the group's sound had fully developed into a cohesive, frightening whole. The use of synthesizer was much more predominant but this was no electrobeat pop; the relentless drums, the meandering, Amazonian bass, and the grating guitar gave the music a biting edge. But the absolute razor sharpness of the songs came from Lydon's vocals which could sound terrified and angry in the same instant. His vocal range on songs like *Memories* was almost limitless which is to not to say that it was always generally listenable in the lay sense of the phrase.

Lyrically, the naiveté of the first record had evolved into a more surreal, personal style. Whether the songs were about his mother's recent death like *Swan Lake* ("Words cannot express/Silence in your eyes") or possibly Northern Ireland like *Careering* ("No one should be there"), a sense of despair and bitterness pervaded the album.

I don't know why I bother/ there's nothing in it for me/ the less I see the less I get/ the likes of you and me are an embarrassment/chant.

The third and final record was called *The Flowers of Romance* and saw PiL cut down to their current three person format: Levene, Lydon and Jeanette Lee. Wobble was given the boot. The problem with this arrangement is that

Levene is now the only remaining musician in the group. Drums and synthesizers are virtually the only instruments used on *The Flowers of Romance* and instead of being an avant-garde paradise, it sounds more like undanceable video-game noises. Lydon's surrealism degenerates into silliness (except for the anti-fascist *Go Back*) and the results range from innocuous to irritating.

Last year, PiL put on a much publicized show at a prominent rock club in New York City where they made various electronic noises behind a movie screen which was displaying videos. After perhaps 10 minutes of this, Lydon began remarking on how stupid people were to pay over \$10 to see rock stars perform and that this was the audience's just reward for such blind faith. Some of the fans disagreed and began throwing bottles and glasses at PiL. The group eventually retreated but not before a full-scale riot ensued.

This brings us to the present and the phenomena of PiL's appearance in Montréal next week. The story circulating is that the band is short of money (very believable judging by their poor record sales) and that they want to earn some quick money by playing several concerts. The sum being asked for is \$10,000 per show. The promoters *Bambi* are bringing them to town and judging by sales so far, they've made a good investment.

It's just another business deal and these are hard economic times so it's not unreasonable that PiL should attempt to refurbish their liquid assets. But it's also tough times for consumers so it's just as reasonable that they should think twice about paying over \$10 for an evening with PiL. The only valid justification for paying the money is the belief that it will be a good musical event. This is a hard position to defend with the bassist and the drummer long gone, the last record as pitiful as it is (and the sales being just as pitiful; reflecting consumer apathy towards PiL as a musical entity), and the general knowledge of PiL's "humorous" approach to live performing.

The inevitable conclusion is that people are going because they want to see Johnny Lydon, to be insulted by him, and to take part in a genuine musical event. Music is of secondary importance. The ultimately pathetic aspect of all this is that the reasons people are going to see PiL are the very same reasons why people are going to see *The Who* on their farewell tour this fall. So we can all say we were there. No dancing; just pre-packaged nostalgia before it's even happened.

John Lydon said of rock audiences: "They're like sheep most of the time. It's easy, let's face it, and quite a nice feeling to be told what to do, to have no thoughts of your own, no pressures, no worries."

"The man hits the city"

by Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer

If you wanna know about the gay politicians

If you wanna know how to be a star.

If you wanna know 'bout any other suckers

You can read it in the Sunday papers.

Something indefinable about certain pop tunes makes them perfect. Hearing one is being drenched in its clear, living whole; nothing can be added or taken away, like the clean line of an unflawed building.

On his first two albums, Joe Jackson succeeded several times at this, perhaps too well. The music is snappy and danceable. Maybe the lyrics hit too close to the rotten heart of the Western World's middle class to suit North American listeners' and disc jockeys' small and defensive minds.

Born in Burton-On-Trent and raised in Portsmouth, England, Jackson taught himself to play the piano early in life. After gaining a place in the Royal Academy, he turned professional.

He then began working the cabaret circuit in order to finance an album. Reminiscences of this period appeared on his second album, *I'm the Man*,

where he sang:

"I guess some day my kids will ask me 'bout the old days

I guess then I'll tell her there ain't much to tell

The waiters wore black dinner jackets and all that kinda thing

And the band wore blue shirts — and the music played on"

He finally made a demo tape and took it to London, where he got a publishing contract from A&M records. Their house producer, David Kershenbaum, produced the first album.

The first disc held polished gems, the quintessence of simplicity achieved by the punk musical revolution. Songs like "Happy Loving Couples", "Fools in Love" and "Throw it Away" were new, unpretentious, and full of the anguish oppressed rock fans could relate to.

In April and May of 1979, the Joe Jackson band crossed to North America for their first tour, and shot their album into the American top 20 — while it went gold in Canada.

With extensive touring and the release of his second album, *I'm the Man*, Jackson reached new heights of popularity and both albums shipped

platinum in Canada. The second album was very tight. An amazing song is "Geraldine and John," about a couple married — but not to each other:

"See the bright red sports car see the happy couple

See their clothes so white and their skin so pink

See them playing squash gotta keep their bodies supple

Now they kiss goodnight but tomorrow they'll be smiling, all day long, all day long..."

Joe Jackson tries to reinforce this "artist" image on his latest album, with heavily instrumental numbers (lots of piano), more harmony singing, and an airy graphic design on the gatefold sleeve. So what, you ask?

Indeed.

Some good stuff though, mostly for creating liquid, entrancing moods in ballrooms with 25-foot ceilings. And harsh words on gays, television, love, and sincerity.

Having just finished a European tour, Joe Jackson will appear in concert Saturday night at the Theatre St. Denis — courtesy of Donald the K.

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by Susan Keys

Francine Tougas gives a near-virtuoso performance in her one-woman show *Grandir (hommage à ma fille)*, playing at the Théâtre Experimental des Femmes.

Grandir's subject is motherhood, but this is definitely *not* a show that appeals only to women or people with children. Tougas' intelligence and humour, coupled

This week: Paula Stepniwicz, Brian Topp, David Samwise Samuels, Brendan Kelly, Suzy Goldenberg, Thalia Bikas, Andrew Malcolmson, Debbie Libman, Chris Cavanagh, Susan Keys, John Davis Bidwell, Greer Nicholson, Christine Chin helped.

with her acting talent and commitment to her material, make for an evening that is entertaining, thought-provoking, and at times, very moving.

In monologue, mime, song and sketches, Tougas presents both the rewards of parenting and the restrictions it imposes on the freedom and mobility of parents. She avoids falling into either of two stereotypical viewpoints: that of the "earth mother" who finds total fulfillment in maternity and domesticity, or the other extreme, the woman who feels parenting merely impedes woman's self-realization in the work world.

The arresting opening scene, which presents the birth of Tougas' daughter Marie-Mousse, is written and performed with lyrical intensity. From this scene of dramatic exaltation, Tougas cuts immediately to the child's bedroom (the play's principal set) and the reactions of the mother faced with a messy confusion of toys and clothes. This rapid juxtaposition of the profound and the mundane is typical of Tougas' approach to her material — the insight and emotional rewards of mothering are contrasted with the frustrations and tedium that accompany this role.

The show consists of observations garnered by Tougas throughout the four years shared with her daughter, interspersed with a capturing of childlike play and original songs delivered in an intense style reminiscent of Edith Piaf. A long mime sequence that takes place at bedtime to a background of recorded mother-child dialogue (with

Tougas playing both parts) is particularly moving. This dialogue encompasses the spectrum of childish behavior: from contrariness to ingenuous questioning that allows us to see familiar phenomena anew, through the wondering eyes of the child.

Tougas also depicts her own rather typical contradictory behavior. One moment she is telling her daughter to stop following her around, to 'find another toy', and allow her some breathing space. The next, Tougas is asking for attention and proof of affection from the child, who has obeyed the injunction to get lost for a while a little too thoroughly.

The success of *Grandir* is undoubtedly due in part to Tougas' intense personal commitment to her material, as well as to her writing and acting talents. It would be interesting to compare her work in a vehicle not of her own creation.

Tougas shows the problems of attempting to raise Marie-Mousse in an atmosphere free from inhibitions and stereotypes. Trying to help the three-year-old child overcome her fear of caterpillars, Tougas reflects on the fears and vulnerability of women generally. A three year old's memory of attempted rape by a pair of twelve-year-old bullies shows that although no one understood the meaning of rape, they knew it was something that happened to women, not men. Similarly, despite Tougas's refusal to shave her legs or make up her face, she catches herself dressing her daughter like a doll.

Tougas is ruefully aware that motherhood is rather unfashionable today among liberated women. When meeting with her women friends who have children, the topic of kids is quickly and almost guiltily brushed aside, despite the

fact that their children dominate these women's lives, for good or ill.

Grandir is a tight and well-paced show that generally avoids the unevenness which sometimes characterizes shows written, performed and directed by the same person. The actress uses the small, open space of the Theatre well; there is enough variety and movement in the show to avoid the static quality that can creep into monologues.

The theatre itself occupies the upper floor of an old house in Vieux Montréal; a small but versatile open playing space is surrounded by moveable, padded risers. Such a venue is ideally suited to a vehicle like *Grandir* and the intimacy of the physical surroundings definitely contributes to the success of Tougas' show. Tougas perhaps overdoes her movement around the theatre, which is particularly distracting when the audience has to crane their necks to follow her as she flits around the theatre's several pillars. Similarly, a monologue delivered from a position adjacent to the theatre's exit door was difficult to hear, resulting in a slight loss of continuity.

Tougas' stated desire in *Grandir* is to create between the audience and herself an atmosphere akin to that among friends who find themselves discussing their most fundamental values and profound responses to life while talking familiarly about their children. This tone of confidentiality on occasion descends into banality and cliché, particularly when Tougas confesses her fears for herself and her daughter. Despite this slight unevenness, Tougas succeeds on the whole in creating an atmosphere of intimacy, as well as entertaining and stimulating her audience. It is a tribute to her acting skill and talent as a writer that she is able to make a much-explored and currently rather unfashionable subject fresh and vitally interesting.

A final note: For anglophones venturing into the rich world of French-language theatre in Montreal, but perhaps a little unsure whether they'll be able to understand what they see, *Grandir* is an easily-understood play, presented in an atmosphere as relaxing and intimate as one's own living room.

Grandir (Hommage à ma fille), by Francine Tougas. Playing until October 16 at the Théâtre Experimental des Femmes, 320 est, rue Notre Dame.



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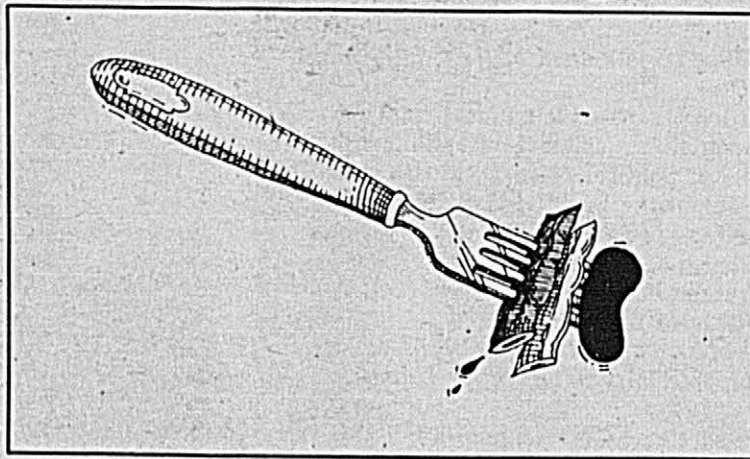
by Chris Cavanagh

Dinnertime is just around the corner and grilled cheese, fried steak and coke no longer hold the glamour of those youthful days when you first began to subsist on your own. You know you're in real trouble when you want your lecture to last longer in order to postpone making the decision about what you're going to eat. Does this sound familiar to you? Do you think cooking for yourself on a Friday night is abhorrent? Fear no more; *Food 101* is here.

The pilot project of a group called the Friends of CUP, the book is designed to take some of the pain from those culinary decisions we find ourselves making up to three times daily. For students who often think of themselves as more than human and capable of subsisting on a minimum of nutritional input and a maximum of information overload it is important that they eat something, preferably food. Intellection must make way for nutrition.

Food 101 is just what it says: "A student guide to quick and easy cooking." There are many very basic tips offered beginning with what is essential to have stocked in your kitchen; both food and dry goods. There are also some tips on how to shop; best taken with an economy that does not pay much attention to the needs of low income groups.

Cooking itself is not necessarily the most awesome of tasks. Thinking up what to cook however might make revolution



seem an easy one. The recipes, a collection of submissions from different people, can help to alleviate some of this decision-making crisis. There is an excellent assortment of recipes for vegetables, meat, fish and chicken, and salads of myriad content.

The breakfast entries include scrambled eggs for neophytes and Quiche Lorraine for the more accomplished.

And finally, for when the munchies set in, that moment when decadence is more comforting than principles, there are dessert recipes from brownies to Strawberry Bavarian Cream. Something for all and most of it quick.

There are a few noted absences and it should be kept in mind that this book will serve you more for convenience than for balanced nutrition. There is little or no mention of legumes: lentils, chick peas, split peas, navy beans, etc. These are foods that admittedly take more preparation than most; however

with the addition of a pressure cooker, or by simply soaking a day in advance, these foods become become feasible for the student diet. As well they are some of the most inexpensive sources of protein and vitamins.

There is a thoroughly unimaginative use of tofu and no mention of miso (a good addition to any soup or stew as well as another excellent source of protein).

For all their notoriety and for something that undoubtedly has little or no nutritional value (if they aren't actually detrimental to your health) hotdogs persist in being a part of the North American diet (for some, a vital part). Stuffed hotdogs could be stricken from the book altogether with little loss and as for that old regular, Weiners and Beans, a simple substitution of soya-fried tofu for wieners not only tastes good but is nutritionally 100 per cent better.

There is one mention of steaming vegetables and in a

footnote at that. Steaming vegetables for those of you whose parents fed you soggy vegies all your life is the best way to the prepare. Both vitamin content and taste are kept in much better.

The potentials of a good cheese sauce are totally ignored and there is no mention of alfalfa sprouts (not strictly reserved for health nuts).

The editorial content, apart from the recipes, is varied (silly news articles, witty repartee) and more) and is good reading for that grey time when the food is on the way to being ready and you don't quite feel up to cleaning the dishes.

This book will help to keep you fed and given that student diets are little more than pizza and beer three times a week it may set you light years ahead on the road to taking care of yourself. Perhaps *Food 101* will give more thought to those food items *Food 101* neglects and

maybe there will be a word or two more about nutrition and health.

Remember those of you who are brain-weary from a hard day of academic indoctrination that a good meal goes a long way towards making life in this institution more bearable.

Food 101 is published by McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited and is available for \$7.95. It should be in the bookstore soon.

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Student poets are welcome

by Cecilia Burke

For many people it is an institution, a daily habit; for others it is an interesting looking shop filled with old books; then there are some who do not know that it exists. *The Word*, a bookshop on Milton at Durocher has been offering a wide selection of second-hand books since 1975.

It is run by an enthusiastic and hard-working couple, Adrian and Lucille King-Edwards. The only new books carried here are poetry books, usually by local writers. Poetry is a special obsession for the King-Edwards, (Lucille was just published in the recent edition of *Four by Four*) and for a number of years they had had poetry readings by local poets at the shop.

This year the poetry readings will have a slightly new dimension. The aim of the King-Edwards is to seek out the many 'closet poets' and give them the opportunity to read their work, talk with other writers, publishers and a generally appreciative audience. The King-Edwards are especially in-

terested in attracting McGill students who have been until now, very 'timid' or basically 'afraid' of these poetry sessions.

The first reading this year will be by McGill's professor of creative writing and children's literature, Ron Reichertz (Wednesday Oct. 20, 8:00 p.m.). There will be a reading once a month until April. Unlike former times two poets will read selections of their work for about twenty minutes each. This will make the format more casual and less frightening for those reading for the first time. In other years the person would have read for 45 minutes, with a coffee break afterwards.

Lucille is screening ten poems that each person who wishes to read must submit to her. This is not a test, but rather a way in which she can get a feel for people's work and see how serious they are. As she says, Many are called, few are chosen. But the point of these readings is that they serve as an informal gathering where people with poetic aspirations or simply appreciation can get together and exchange ideas and information

in a casual manner. Before, people heard of these readings by word of mouth or thought that invitations were necessary. Anyone can come; anyone can submit poetry and be read. Lucille and Adrian want to open up these sessions to everyone and would be especially interested in those students who take creative writing both at McGill and Concordia, for there seems to be 'little or no cross-pollination between universities.' Writing is something to be shared and experienced among other people.

The Word is one of about five established second-hand bookstores in Montreal, but it is the only one offering such a unique and valuable experience as poetry readings. If you are interested in exposure, as a poet, these readings would be a good opportunity. If you like to listen to poetry as it is meant to be heard, that is out loud, these readings would be entertaining. If you don't enjoy the reading, there is the consolation of coffee and homemade cookies afterwards.

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Heaney: of poetry and politics

by Greer Nicholson

Seamus Heaney reads his poetry with a style that one usually associates with the stereotype of the Irish poet. He sprinkles anecdotes about Ireland and life between lines of verse, while his contagious smile gives life to even the normally staid McGill public lecture audience.

During this interview, any hope of breaking the stereotype vanished. He sipped beer for breakfast and discussed poetry and politics with charm. Despite the earliness of the hour, he managed to be witty and intelligent. His reputation as a poet of international stature who is not afraid of publicizing his opinions seemed too good to be true on paper. But his responses confirmed the image.

Supplement: What kind of poetry do you find yourself reading now?

Heaney: I most admire the work of poets who seem to keep to the idea of political responsibility, while refusing to be spokesmen for a movement. Sometimes they are, or they become spokesmen for a community, but the expression "we" can become rather peremptory.

By that, I mean that it comes down to whether you feel the pronoun "I" or "we" is more important. It's a hard line to draw. Sometimes, I feel that I've spent too much of my life worrying about "moral responsibility" as an issue.

Supplement: Of the young poets writing now, are there any particular ones you find more interesting than others?

Heaney: There's a young Polish poet named Milosz who's working in the States now — I like his work. I find it hard to keep track of American poets, because there are so many of them. There's a fellow called Robert Haas, who's about my own age. I like Robert Pinsky and Heather McHugh as well. My taste was formed about fifteen years ago.

Supplement: Who do you like of your contemporaries? Is there anyone you feel has influenced you particularly?

Heaney: Well, some people might think it's strange, but I still feel that my taste runs to the surrealist poets. I very much like the work of John Ashbury, Louis Simpson, W.S. Merwyn and Robert Bligh. I know I'm thought of as a lyric poet, but I feel a special liking for surrealism.

Supplement: Do you have a philosophy about writing poetry?

Heaney: I think poetry must register what it feels like for the poet to be in his place in the world today. You must touch what is unspoken. I started writing poetry late — about twenty years ago. My ideas have gone through changes since then, but you are influenced by the early reading you liked.

Supplement: What directions are your poems taking?

Heaney: I want to see the opposites poetry contains. By that, I mean that there's a stridency that hides a silence. Simplicities mask complications. I thought about the relationship between the lyric impulse and political responsibility for a long time. Generally, I'm sticking to more lyric procedures now, while saying what I think. I'm still interested in the balances of opposites, but I'm letting them emerge naturally.

Supplement: Do you mean that final resolutions are impossible?

Heaney: Oh no. When you think about the situation in Ireland, which I'm forced to do rather often, you know that there is such a thing as "right." Writing poetry is an activity that is both inside and outside in terms of working within and apart from the situations that exist in the world.

Supplement: Is there such a thing as a united front of writers on the troubles in Northern Ireland? Is there a mainstream opinion, or a set of activities, or are there only informal meetings and separate ideas?

Heaney: We all seem to work very separately. There's a general feeling that the troubles are a malignant part of the national psyche. But there's no shared movement in formal or political terms.

Supplement: What are your feelings?

Heaney: I think it would be an excellent thing if the British troops withdrew (laughter). But I can't see that the political-will exists from Westminster to do something like that.

Supplement: What do you think of the Conservative government?

Heaney: (after long laughter) It's funny, isn't it? The right presents such a united front, although there isn't a shared political cause. It doesn't look split, though, despite the fact that it presents a rather tepid political life. But the far left has been activated by Thatcher, so I can see some benefits. The Labour Party was so divided then, and that seems to be less true now.

Supplement: You're on a lecture tour at the moment. What are your impressions of the United States?

Heaney: There's a tremendous sense of life and energy in the United States which I love. At the same time, there's a glibness that I detest. On the university campuses, the sense of excitement about the future is very powerful. That strikes me as very different from most European universities now.

I spend a term a year at Harvard now, and I'm really impressed by the fact that people there are really — how can I say this — almost blithe about the future. It's almost a blandness.

I also see the really exploitative side of American society. I feel like I have two lives that provide me with very different forces between Ireland and America.

Supplement: We come back to opposites.

Heaney: (laughs) Ah, well people are afraid to admit these feelings. What is it that Keats said? That poetry survives in uncertainty and ambiguities? The realm of the imaginations contains many contradictions.

Supplement: You're from Belfast, yet you now live in Dublin. Was that a difficult decision?

Heaney: It's funny, you know. That happened almost by accident. A friend named Anne Sadlemeyer, a Canadian, lent us her cottage. Once we were there, it became almost emblematic to me.

Supplement: You have three children. Was the decision made for their lives to be easier?

Heaney: Well, that wasn't a conscious part at first. Certainly, that was a consideration in staying in Dublin.

At some deep level, there's a form of energy that gives a real reassurance. It's a bit like a collision between dream life and reality that connects you into a deep energy. Although a lot of people found it easy to make comments about it. The Protestants said it was bloody typical — to be expected.

Supplement: Did any of the Catholic writers in Northern Ireland feel that you were betraying them in this move?

Heaney: Betrayal is a bit strong a word. Certainly, if you leave a place, you're subjected to theorizing and others' ideas on what your real motivations were. But you do what's right for you in the end, don't you?

Supplement: If you had to describe what living in Dublin means to you, what would you say?

Heaney: I'm thinking about that now that I'm spending so much time in North America. It somehow gave me a sense of commitment to the writing activity. I had been teaching (university) in Belfast, and then I was writing after I moved to Dublin. There's a deep sense of reassurance at a national level. Again, it exists at the level of the dream life. Compared to being in the States, Dublin counters that enormous invigorating energy with a more meditative sense of being.

Supplement: If you had to sum up the differences in one sentence, what would it be?

Heaney: It all exists in senses, really. There's something wonderful in Ireland and Europe generally. It's being part of the vestigial remains of a Christian humanist culture.

Supplement: What are you writing now?

Heaney: I'm writing a long poem which is a reprise of personal issues. It's a long poem. I'm also working on a translation of poems from Middle Irish.

Supplement: During the question period after your lecture, you were asked why you didn't write in Irish rather than in English. It seems that people think of Northern Ireland and southern Ireland as being identical, without realizing the effects of being under British rule.



THE FORGE

All I know is a door into the dark.
Outside, old axles and iron hoops rusting;
Inside, the hammered anvil's short-pitched ring,
The unpredictable fantail of sparks
Or hiss when a new shoe toughens in water.
The anvil must be somewhere in the centre,
Horned as a unicorn, at one end square,
Set there immovable: an altar
Where he expends himself in shape and music.
Sometimes, leather-aproned, hairs in his nose,
He leans out on the jamb, recalls a clatter
Of hoofs where traffic is flashing in rows;
Then grunts and goes in, with a slam and flick
To beat real iron out, to work the bellows.

Heaney: Well, it always strikes North Americans as strange to realize how many of the Irish speak English as their first language.

Supplement: How's your Gaelic?

Heaney: You can't write poetry in any language but your own, I don't think. It's fine to translate into your own language, but it's a matter of how you hear rhythms. I hear them in English.

Supplement: Do you think a poem should be general rather than specific?

Heaney: People keep using the word "symbol," so I'm sure I use them. (laughs) I wrote a poem where I used the word "bog" as an emblem for the habit of remembering. Afterwards, I said "God, that might be a symbol."

I suppose there's the expectation that poets will explain what is happening to the outside world. After 1972, when the situation in Ulster came to international attention, all the submerged tensions came to the surface. There's a real shyness in explaining something you know. It's a shyness that stems from a fear of exploiting the situation.

The act of the poem is one of gazing backwards. It took me some time before I realized that something other than "anecdotalism" could be written by me. I was always very affected by poems at school; I was struck by their rich sensuous language. I relish words. You know, sometimes I really think I talk too much.

Supplement: Does that make you stop?

Heaney: Oh no. There are some things that you know in your heart are simply right.

XCETERA

by Melinda Wittstock

Xceteras is a 'nouveau' publication which resembles an artists portfolio more than a magazine. It contains the works of sixty-four Montreal artists representing a wide cross-section of artistic fields. It was not only designed as an opportunity for artists to display their art but also to speak for themselves.

Xceteras has an unconventional layout which consists of a folder containing sixty-four loose poster-pages. Each page represents an artist or a group of artists and a personal commentary about themselves and their art. *Xceteras* is somewhat awkward to handle because of its large size and loose pages.

Montreal artists from all disciplines — theatre, visual arts, sculpture, dance, architecture, poetry, photography, and video — were invited to submit their work and a statement about themselves. The publication's request was intentionally vague to encourage artists to contribute in their own style. It is a compilation of conflicting definitions of 'art', political views and personal attitudes. *Xceteras* has been defined by the artists themselves. The magazine is not a definition of art itself — but a statement of the creative process.

Dwight Smith, one of the two publishers and general coordinators of *Xceteras*, says: "The pages of *Xceteras* speak on behalf of the artist; *Xceteras* was nothing more than a means to make that possible."

Each artist had control over their own submissions, because as Smith said, "When it comes to art, it is the artist who says it best."

Dwight Smith and Katherine Macklem began *Xceteras*. As the managers of Cusaset, a small graphic production shop associated with Concordia University, they hired two hundred people interested in the idea of *Xceteras* and thus formed *Xceteras* Graphix in the fall of 1981.

Xceteras Graphix was made up of a small group of free-lance artists who provided low-cost graphics. The graphic artist's not only gained more experience, but they also contributed 15 percent of their salaries to get *Xceteras* off the ground.

By January of 1982, *Xceteras* was still a rough concept "tossed around over cheap bottles of wine" said Smith. But it was at this time that Smith and Macklem wrote their letter explaining the idea of *Xceteras* and sent it to a variety of Montreal artists.

The response was unanimously enthusiastic. And at first the staff of *Xceteras* was overwhelmed by the diversity of the artist's contributions.

By May, there were over a hundred submissions received and fifty were selected. Each page reflected what each artist sincerely felt; the *Xceteras* staff simply provided technical assistance.

Although the publication was finished and ready to go by mid-June, *Xceteras* had completely underestimated the costs involved in printing a publication of its type. They had produced an entire publication without giving the financial aspect of the project any consideration. As Smith says: "If we had known the actual cost in the beginning we would have been frightened off."

Requests for funding to Art Councils and corporate art foundations were rejected because *Xceteras* was so unconventional. It didn't fit the categories accepted by all major art foundations — political or corporate.

Although *Xceteras* was in the hole \$8000, it did not sell out. It simply postponed printing. In order to raise money, the magazine held "Trois Soirées de Performances" featuring thirty-five performing contributors at the Zoobar and "the *Xceteras* Group Show" which exhibited the work of twenty-one visual artists displayed in *Xceteras* at the Jensen Gallery.

The events were originally planned to compliment the launching of *Xceteras*. Their success demonstrated that many artists of different attitudes can come together and share their work among themselves and their audience.

Finally, through private funding, six thousand hours of volunteer work and advertising sales from businesses and corporations that were more interested in supporting the project than in making a commercial gain, *Xceteras* got off the ground.



XCETERA

By September 24th, they managed to distribute *Xceteras* around Montreal although they had only raised half of what was needed.

Since the beginning of *Xceteras*, the entire project "was an act of faith, arising from a belief in creativity and experimentation" says Smith.

Xcetera's long-range goal is to bring together artists of different perspectives. There are plans for a publication next year and for more art exhibits and shows.

"I wouldn't have gone ahead with the project unless there had been unanimous support from the art community in Montreal," says Smith. Most contributors have displayed great enthusiasm.

Jo Lechay, a modern dancer who has her own company, feels "It is an exciting project because it brings together artists of all genres. It's good for the artists and for the general public."

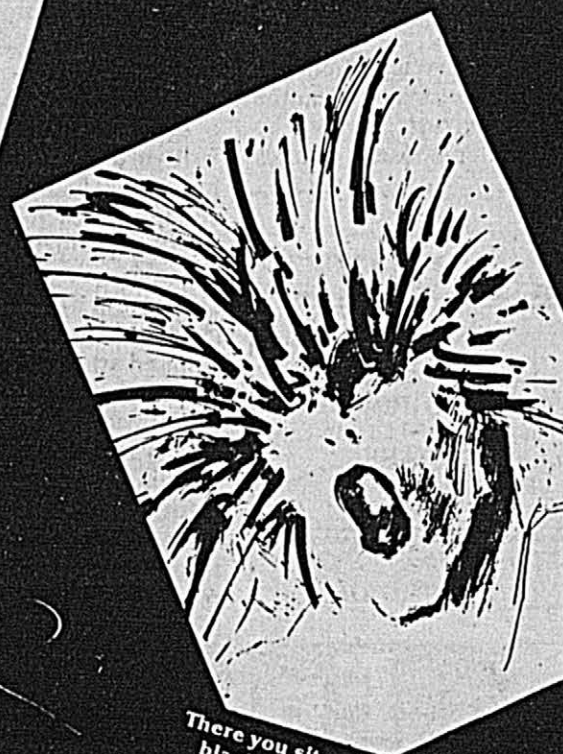
Jeffrey Goodman, a visual artist specializing in drawing and mixed media, feels that *Xceteras* will not be able to promote the arts in: "Montreal is a wasteland compared to what is happening in the rest of the world, particularly in Toronto, Paris and New York. Montreal is artistically dead." Still, he feels it is a "worthwhile project."

One of *Xceteras* objectives is to make the publication accessible to all those who empathize with art and the creative process. Although it is designed to appeal to artists, it will appeal to anyone interested in new definitions of art. It is avant-garde rather than conventional.

The staff of *Xceteras* is always interested in peoples' opinions, and is open to anyone who wants to participate in its evolution. However, Smith says "Xceteras was established for the art community of Montreal. It belongs to that community."

Very seldom do you pick up a publication where artists of different temperaments are in one place. However, the eclectic collection of art and ideology means that there is no unifying factor. It is a scattering of artistic ideas. It is confusing because there are so many artists and political contradictions included. It is, despite this, a unique example of art and creativity in Montreal.

"It is our belief that *Xceteras* is making a significant statement. Some of what you will see in the pages of *Xceteras* you will love and some you will hate; all that you will find will be sincere and was created with the intention to share. *Xceteras* exists because we believe art and creativity belong to us all," concluded Dwight Smith.



There you sit...
blank
staring colorless
waiting for me to put my touch to you
silent
not knowing
if I will attack your space
with anger and remorse
or happiness and calm.
But I say
whichever way I touch you
it will be with honesty.
I begin
by allowing my wandering mind
to color you
until forms appear.
What joy and surprise I take
in the appearance
of the sub-conscious,
my world of truths
now,
staring back at me
in deep calm.



XCETERAS

Distribution by Diffusion Parallele; cost: \$5.00; available: 400 different bookstores and galleries in Montreal; Cusaset: 2130 MacKay St. (*Xceteras* will be available in every major city in Canada next week.)

Tom Plaunt: in memory yet young

by Peter Tannenbaum

Tom Plaunt, a well-known Montréal pianist, presented an exciting program of solo works by three different composers at a Friday night recital at Pollack Concert Hall. The theme of the concert was Memory: a subject treated musically in each piece of the program.

The concert was anticipated as a rare opportunity to hear the famous *Concord Sonata*, by American composer Charles

Ives. This tour-de-force was preceded by three excerpts from Schumann's *Album für die Jugend*, (Album for the Young) Op. 68 and a piece in five movements by McGill Professor Brian Cherney entitled *Dans le crépuscule de souvenir...* This combination of works made for a well-rounded and entertaining evening.

Album für die Jugend, one in a series of short piano pieces written by Schumann, inspires memories of youth and childhood. Each one is a cameo of 19th century Romanticism. None resorts to the overblown sentimentality which characterized much of the less inspired art of that era. The excerpts chosen by Plaunt were performed with restraint, sensitivity and simplicity.

Brian Cherney's *Dans le crépuscule de souvenir...* evoked dark feelings and memories through its effective use of piano tone colours and quotations of other well-known

works. Layers of sound are juxtaposed to create special sonorities which give the work integrity and unity. Deep crashing chords and flights of trills and flourishes in the upper ranges enhance a sequence of chords in the middle registers which evolve as the main body of the piece.

Scattered throughout the piece were various "inside the piano" effects. Strings were plucked with the damper pedal down to create a harp/guitar-like sound, or strummed in glissandi. One effect involved shaking the hands against the strings with the damper down to produce a deep, rumbling tremolo. The damper was then gently raised so that as the hammers began to touch the strings, they activated high harmonics which resounded in eerie fashion. The effect was very striking — volume increased noticeably though no keys or strings were touched.

Dans le crépuscule de souvenir... used quotations from 19th century music, notably Schumann. This created a curious bond, not only with the Schumann pieces which preceded, but with the Ives' *Sonata*, which uses the same technique of quotation. As



Plaunt explained, the composer is evoking associations, emotions created by this music, within his memory. "Things are blended in with present time. They are not (necessarily) meant to be heard as quotes," said Plaunt.

Cherney described his work as a memory progression. The third movement is the "center of the constellation." It contains the most directly quoted material. The 4th movement uses quotes more subtly, so that they are less obvious, and the 5th alludes only to other movements in the piece. This sets up a progression in time — it creates a movement from past to present.

Plaunt's performance was skillfully done considering some of the acrobatics involved in

manipulating the inside of the piano. His personal involvement with this work (as with the other pieces in this program) was strongly felt. *Dans le crépuscule de souvenir...* is contemporary music accessible to the neophyte. It triggers a series of internal reactions which give it a sense of intimacy and immediacy.

The Concord Sonata was the grand finale of the recital. Plaunt prepared many of his listeners with a pre-recital lecture on this monumental work, entitled "Stand up, and use your ears like a man". The quote refers to Ives' reaction to a heckler at a concert of modern music in New York in the 1930's. (Perhaps, today, he would have phrased it differently to give it a less sexist slant — at least we hope so.)

Charles Edward Ives (1874-1954) was an iconoclastic composer, a sort of American "voice crying in the wilderness," who created music that anticipated developments in the state of the art by 40 or 50 years. He was by trade an insurance executive, and composed solely to satisfy his personal creative drive.

His music is a mosaic of sound. Traditional harmony, form and treatment of rhythm are reworked to create what to the uninitiated seems to be cacophony. But out of this seething chaos is order, an order derived in thought and spirit from the Transcendentalist writers whom Ives loved so much. The influence of Thoreau, Emerson and others of that spiritual brotherhood permeate his work.

In fact, this piano piece, *The Concord Sonata*, is a musical description of the lives of the persons whom Ives revered. The *Sonata* is subtitled "Concord, Mass. 1840-60". It recreates the spirit of this era, inducing a feeling of nostalgia.

Ives embodies the spirit of 19th century American nationalism in a 20th century musical idiom which the musical establishment was long in accepting. As with many other famous composers, his apotheosis occurred only after his death.

For Plaunt, mastery of *The Concord Sonata* has been a

continued on page 14

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Have a nice Thanksgiving!

by Charles Stuart

Mainfilm exhibited its wares last Friday evening before a large and enthusiastic audience at Cinema V. A pithy introduction informed the audience that Mainfilm is an association of 40 filmmakers who are finding it tough these days to produce and distribute short films. The mixed bag of ideas and fancies that followed can be roughly categorized as indifferent or good, with New Wave as a sub-category of good.

The indifferent films were often prettily executed, but marred by a lack of any other redeeming feature. The vacillating lines in Dale Walsh's *A la Ligne* were a highly imaginative and captivating sug-

gestion of ballet. This minimalist approach was reduced to vacuity when the director's attention focussed on the properties of rotating, criss-crossed many-coloured parallel lines. The ponderous synthesizer soundtrack was, unfortunately, exactly that.

Another demonstration of film viewing as a purely sensuous experience was had with *Cherries*, by Robert Rayher. The initial image of a cherry being sliced was quite shocking; the tone of red was so dark and violent one could have taken the fruit for a heart. However, seven minutes of butchered cherries is a pointless exercise in silliness, and the film was subjected to deserved, if impolite, howls of derision from the audience.

Two films from Ralph Bendahan were received with generous and puzzled disinterest. *L'Ennui*, subtitled *Les rêves d'un somnambule*, wanted every quality but verisimilitude. In short, this short was boring, and every bit as confused as a dream. High speed, noisy and distorted scenes of a city capture the anxiousness and impersonality of metropolitan life, but are in themselves dull. The section of the film showing two gyrating

naked bodies was gimmicky and uninteresting. *Jazz Film* was another empty gesture; two musicians are featured standing on a street corner, making noise.

Razor in the Wind, by Stephen Surjik, is a writer's tale photographed in coarse-grained black and white of such tactility I could almost feel the ice and snow blowing down from the screen. The clever camera angles lend the film a constantly changing narrative perspective. Although visually interesting, the unresolved suspense and the apparent "there is nothing to fear but fear itself" message left the impression that more could, and should, have been done with this piece, the ideas explored and expanded.

Similarly, the animated short by Peter Sandwork entitled *Moebiusstrip* was pleasant enough, but at three minutes in length, far too brief to delineate the qualities of its central metaphor; representing the idea of a world which is always changing and ever the same.

The new wave is represented by two films. *Trendsetters*, by Howard Goldberg, asks and responds to the facetious question, 'what is a trend?' Adhering to the conventional un-conventionality of the New

Wave, the film is fast-paced, full of noise and garish clothes, and thumbs its nose at everything from pedagogy to capitalism to fashion. It also offers an infrared Santa Claus lollipop and a dancing chicken. Great fun.

Time Office, by Eris Sandmark and Sid Weber, features the spartan pop sound of the Paradots who ask the musical question, 'How do you spend your time?' This brave and un-subtle question elicits a rather coarse and predictable answer (we don't spend our time — we waste it in the idle pursuit of vacuous pleasure) and gives the film a tritely serious edge. Though a tad self-conceited, it is nevertheless very entertaining.

George Mihalka and Rodney Gibbons are responsible for the side-splitting *Apartment*. In this, the disembodied and shrewd voice of a landlord takes us on a tour of the typical student house, condemning youth and its soul concern with "books and beds."

Everyone's Business is a compassionate documentary by Mary Armstrong. The setting is the Churchill Park greenhouse cooperative in Saskatchewan, the concern is with the problems

continued on page 14

AUDITIONS

McGill Players Needs Singers

for its November Musical Revue

Tues, Oct. 12, 4:30-7:00 pm

Wed, Oct. 13, 3:00-6:00 pm

at Players' Theatre, Union Bldg (3rd floor)

Please bring 2 pieces of contrasting music selections

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DUET FOR ONE

November 2 - December 19

by Tom Kempinski
Directed by Scott Swan
Starring Fiona Reid
and Maurice Podbrey

This moving drama is based on a true story and is a long running success in London's West End.

TRANSLATIONS

January 4 - 30

by Brian Friel
Directed by Elsa Bolam

Cultural conflicts explode when two English soldiers seek to impose their own prosaic language on the Gaelic traditions of Ireland.

MOVING

February 1 - March 20

by David Fennario
Directed by Simon Malbogat
Starring Jennifer Phipps

Fennario's newest comedy-drama that deals with moving day in the Pointe.

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QUIET IN THE LAND

March 15 - April 10

by Anne Chislett
Directed by Guy Sprung

The tradition of the tightknit Amish-German community that lives around Kitchener, Ontario, is torn apart by conscription and the outbreak of World War 1.

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EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

April 12 - May 29

by Jason Lindsey
Directed by Marianne Macnaghten
Starring Viola Léger

The play recaptures the humour, courage and spirit Eugénie brought to her life at court — from great events such as the grand opening of the Suez Canal to behind-the-scenes domestic details.

PLAYING THE FOOL

May 24 - June 19

by Alun Hibbert
Directed by Gary Reineke
Starring Gillie Fenwick and
Hugh Webster

A political farce that spans the generation gap from the idealism to the Spanish Civil War to the fanaticism of the Italian Red Guard.

RESERVATIONS... 288-3161
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WED, SAT & SUN
MATINEES

The Tempest is too calm

by Jose Arroyo

When the marketing department for a film studio decides to use quotes by such high priests of film criticism as *Us* magazine and *KNXT-TV* in their ads to help sell a movie, one doesn't enter the theatre expecting miracles. Most of the time, one doesn't enter at all.

An exception was made this time because I feel a special affinity towards Paul Mazursky's films. *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Harry & Tonto*, and *An Unmarried Woman*, have all given many people a lot of pleasure.

Mazursky writes witty, romantic, dramatic comedies. One never feels cheated when seeing one of his movies, and can still smile while thinking of scenes from his films months after one has forgotten about better films seen at the same time. I think this also holds true of *The Tempest*.

Mazursky's latest film is loosely based on Shakespeare's play. In it he shows us how Phillip Dimitrius (John Cassavetes), a famous architect of Greek ancestry, deals with a mid-life crisis which was spurred by, amongst other things,

the discovery of a white hair on his chest.

Recurrent dreams of a tempest in which his family drowns prod him to question his values. Phil becomes very confused, and begins to act strangely. His wife (Gena Rowlands) leaves him for Alonso (Vittorio Gassman) and, on the advice of his father, Phil decides to go to Greece with his daughter, Miranda (Molly Ringwald).

In Greece, Phil meets Aretha (Susan Sarandon), a nightclub-singer with, like they used to say, a past. He falls in love with her, and she suggests that they go to a deserted island to escape from his wife (who has been trying to get their daughter away from him.)

On the island, Kalibanos (Raoul Julia), a goatherd who wears a silver lamé windbreaker and has a Sony Trinitron in his cave, greets them and becomes part of the family.

A few months later, while his wife is cruising nearby with Alonso, Phil prays to the heavens for a tempest. God obliges, and his wife, Alonso, and their entourage, are soon shipwrecked on the island with him. By the end all are regrouped with their Mr. or Ms. Right, and they're able to finish the story with a tango and a bow.

As in other of his movies, the



screenplay for *The Tempest*, written by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos, leaves much unexplained. For example: why does Phil's wife leave him? Why is he building an amphitheatre on the island? What's the long dialogue about baseball scores supposed to mean? These are just some of the questions that one asks oneself.

In some of his other films the questions left unanswered by the screenplay are explained, to a certain extent, by the performances. In *The Tempest* they are not. John Cassavetes is a very good actor when he's by himself but he doesn't connect

with any of the other players. Even in the scenes in which he's acting with Gena Rowlands, his real-life wife, there is no rapport. It seems as though they're talking to each other through plexiglass.

Another disappointment is Raoul Julia as Kalibanos, the goatherd. Kalibanos has the makings of a classic role. The character is caught up in many different situations and gets to display a great variety of emotions. The right actor could have assured himself a place in moviegoers' memories.

The role of Kalibanos calls for an actor who is not conscious of himself. Raoul Julia is not this type of actor; when a joke is set up, the audience is cheated out of a laugh by Julia's obvious embarrassment with what he's doing.

Despite all this, there are some moments which are really inspired. The scene in which Miranda and Aretha sing "Why Do Fools Fall in Love" to Phil while they're swimming Esther Williams-style, is charming, as is the scene in which the goats start to dance to the beat of "New York New York."

The Tempest is the most beautifully photographed movie I've seen this year though this may also be a problem. Pato Guzman, the production designer, also produced the movie. His touch, though faint, is noticeable: many of the camera angles are chosen purely

continued on page 14

Palestine Week October 12-16 McGill University

Tuesday, October 12

Free Public Lecture

Mr. Edmund Omran PLO representative in Montreal

Frank Dawson Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, October 13

Documentary Films:

"On Our Land" 7:00 p.m. Admission \$2.00

"The Fifth War" 8:30 p.m. Admission \$2.00

Frank Dawson Adams Auditorium

Thursday, October 14

Free Slide Show and Conference: "Occupied West Bank"

Mr. Junaid Khan, journalist, *La Presse*

Student Union Building, Room 425-426 2:00 p.m.

Free Public Lecture:

"The Current Situation in Lebanon & the Occupied West Bank"

Frank Dawson Adams Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

Friday, October 15

Free Slide Show and Conference: "Occupied West Bank"

Mr. Junaid Khan, journalist, *La Presse*

Student Union Building, Room 425-426 2:00 p.m.

Documentary Films:

"The Fifth War" 7:00 p.m. Admission \$2.00

"On Our Land" 8:30 p.m. Admission \$2.00

Leacock Building, Room 26.

Saturday, October 16

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STUDENTS' SOCIETY BY-ELECTIONS

To be held

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1982

(Advance polls to be held Tuesday, October 26, 1982)

NOMINATIONS ARE HEREBY CALLED FOR THE POSITIONS OF:

Undergraduate Representative to the Board of Governors (1)

Arts Senator (2)

Science Senator (1)

Candidates must be members of the McGill Students' Society and must be registered at McGill University as full-time students in good standing following the normal load of courses per year. Nominations must be signed by at least 75 members of the McGill Students' Society together with their year and faculty.

N.B. Students in Continuing Education are NOT members of the Students' Society.

Official nomination forms are available at the Students' Society General Office, Room 105, 3480 McTavish Street. All nomination forms must have the candidate's address and telephone number. A pensketch of 100 words or less and a photo of the nominee must be handed in with the nomination.

Candidates may run for one position in each of the three categories provided that separate nomination papers are handed in for each position.

All nominations must be submitted to the Students' Society General office **NO LATER THAN TODAY, 4:30 P.M.**, October 7, 1982, to the attention of Leslie Copeland, Operations' Secretary.

Deputy Chief Returning Officer

Applications for the position of Deputy CRO are currently being accepted. All applicants must be members of the Students' Society of McGill University. General application forms are available at the Students' Society General Office. This position is considered voluntary. However, some part-time employment is involved. Applications must be submitted by **TODAY, 4:30 P.M.** to Leslie Copeland, Operations Secretary, Students' Society General Office, Union Building, Room 105.

For further information, contact Marcy Vigoda at 392-8921 or call the Students' Society General Office (392-8922) and leave a message.

Marcy Vigoda
Chief Returning Officer

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McGill Faculty and staff: \$3.00 per day.
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MIDDLE-EAST/MOYEN ORIENT - Fall Issue, Lebanon; Topics: Invasion; Israel's changing role; other articles, documents. Rates: \$1.00/issue. Information, subscriptions: ME - MO/P.O. Box 218, Station N, Montréal, Québec, H2X 3N2.

Airline Ticket for sale - one-way flight from San Francisco to Montreal via Toronto, leaves October 31st. \$200 CDN. Call 488-4878.

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Lost: B. Mod. Text in Stewart Building S1/3 on Mon., Oct. 4 between 4:00 & 4:45 p.m. Need back desperately!! Moris - 637-4077.

Lost - one T.I. 55 calculator in Bronfman computer room. Reward. Please call Jack at 842-6061.

Black watch - Casio "Chrono-Sport" at Molson Stadium Saturday, October second at 12:30 p.m. Please call 849-2054, anytime. Ask for Peter.

Reward offered for return of a brown leather purse lost of Friday night at Pub Nite. In dire need of ID's, if nothing else. Please contact Anne at 683-2994. Much appreciated. Thank you.

383 - LESSONS OFFERED

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385 - NOTICES

International Students' Association. Drop in anytime; meet other interesting people; see what's going on for international students; relax. UNION B15.

There will be a general meeting for all those interested in joining the old McGill '83 year-book staff. Thursday, Oct. 7, 3:00 p.m. Union Building, Room B19.

The Montreal Mennonite Fellowship welcomes you. Sunday worship service 10:30 a.m. at 120 Duluth St. E. For info call Bob or Debby at 842-0826.

Referee's clinic for intramural hockey 6:00

p.m., Tuesday October 12 at McConnell Winter Stadium. Open to men & women. For information call 392-4730.

Gaston Rebuffat climber, author, filmmaker narrates his film: "Les Horizons Gagnés" Oct. 14, 8 pm UdeM 3200 Jean Brillant, A2285 \$5. Tickets: Black's, Peel Cycle, Globe-trotter.

To all Science Students: people are needed to form 3 science committees. Students from any department are welcome to submit your names. Call 392-8950 or come to Union B-22 and leave your name.

Winter Carnival meeting today in Room 310 Union Bldg. Open to meeting all those interested. 4:30 p.m.

392 - PARKING SPACES

Parking wanted close to campus. Please call 695-3279.

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Today

Osler Society's

Norman Bethune Week (Oct. 4 to 8)
 Tonight, 7:30 p.m., Meakins Amphitheater, McIntyre Medical Sciences Building:

Speakers: Dr. Pierre Delva (President of the Bethune Foundation) and Dr. Maurice McGregor (R.V.H.). Panelists: Mrs. Irene Kon, Dr. W. McLeod.

South Africa Committee

Meeting today at 5:00 in Rm.302. Anyone interested is urged to attend.

McGill Hellenic Association

First General Assembly at Leacock 26, 6 p.m.

Environmental Society

The Environmental Society will be meeting tonight at 7 pm, in Room 415. Everyone is urged to attend.

Amnesty International

General meeting today at 3:00 in room B09 in the Union Bldg.

Winter Carnival Meeting

Today at 4:30 in room 310 of the Students' Union Bldg.

McGill Chinese Students' Society

There will be a disco party this Saturday to be held at Union Ballroom, 8:30 pm. Admission \$2.50 at door. All are welcomed.

McGill Observer

There will be a meeting of the McGill Observer today at 3:30. This meeting will be to discuss this issue and above all, RELAX. Come by the Arts Bldg, Rm. B-20. New staff is welcome. Refreshments are a distinct possibility!

McGill Christian Fellowship

First in a series of seven "Why I am Not a Christian" (I don't need it, and besides its not for me). 7 pm, S.U.B. B-107. Speaker: Robin Guinness.

Old McGill

General meeting for all those interested in joining the staff of Old McGill '83. Today at 3:00 pm Union Bldg. Room B19. Artists, writers, photographers welcome.

German Students' Association

Invites you to Stammtisch, tonight at the Café Prag (1433 Bishop St) any time after 8 o'clock. Have a drink or a bite with other aspiring German speakers.

McGill Outing Club

Open meeting tonight 7:30 pm in FDA Auditorium.

Gay and Lesbian McGill

We are having a little party tonight in Room 425 from 8:00 pm.

Centre for Developing Area Studies

Seminar "Towards Self-reliance in Food: The Grenada Revolution" Speaker Mr. Ian Jacobs. Thurs. Oct. 7, 12 noon. Seminar room C103E, Centre for Developing Area Studies, Macdonald-Harrington Bldg.

African Studies Cttee. & Dept. of Anthropology at McGill

Present: Professor Edwin Wilmsen, Dept. of Anthropology, Boston University and Max Planck Institut für Psychiatrie, Munich. Speaking on "The Ecology of Illusion: The Misrepresentation of Bushmen in Anthropological Communication". 4 pm, Leacock Bldg, Rm. 738.

McGill Ski Team

Dryland training, today at 16h45 in the wrestling room of Sir Arthur Currie gym. See you then.

Thursday Forum

Hosted this week by Father Edward Langlois discussion will take place at The Yellow Door, 3625 Rue Aylmer from 12-1:30 pm.



Simchat Torah with Chabad House

Oct. 8-10

Friday & Saturday eve. 6:30 p.m.

Saturday & Sunday 10:00 a.m.

Jewish Student Center
 3429 Peel St. - 842-6616
 Delicious Holiday Meals

no charge

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Powder Blues



Friday, October 8th, 1982 at 8 pm
at McGill University

Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium, 475 Pine Avenue West

\$ 5.00 McGill Students (Tickets bought in advance with I.D.)

\$ 7.00 General Public and all tickets sold at the door

Advance tickets are available at both Sadie's
locations as well as the Montreal Trust office at 1 Place Ville Marie



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